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#2

THE ODD SQUAD



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Zone

DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING and INVISIBLE HAND STUDIOS presents

THE ODD SQUAD

AMERICA'S SUPER-SECRET PARANORMAL TEAM HAS FINALLY
GOTTEN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PRESIDENTIAL WERE-BEAVER
MYSTERY WHEN EVEN MORE BIZARRE TRANSFORMATIONS POP UP
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! THE ANSWERS MIGHT LIE IN OUTER
SPACE - AND ONLY ONE GROUP CAN SAVE OUR PLANET NOW.
UNFORTUNATELY, THEY AREN'T AVAILABLE. SO IT'S UP TO THE
ODD SQUAD INSTEAD!!

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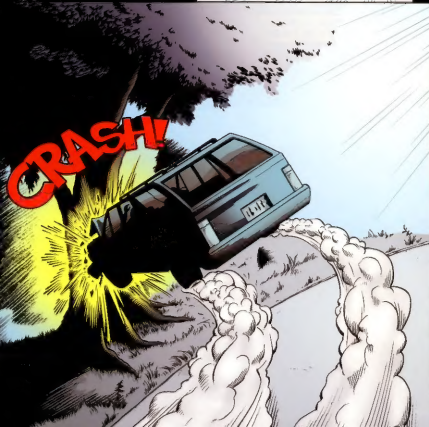


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MOMMY,
DADDY--

IS THAT
YOU?

<ONLY THE HUMAN
CHILD SURVIVED.> *

<YOU TOLD ME NO LIFE
FORMS WERE IN THE AREA.>

<I ALSO
TOLD YOU MY
INSTRUMENT
PANEL HAS BEEN
MALFUNCTIONING.
BUT I GUESS
YOU DIDN'T LISTEN
TO THAT PART.>

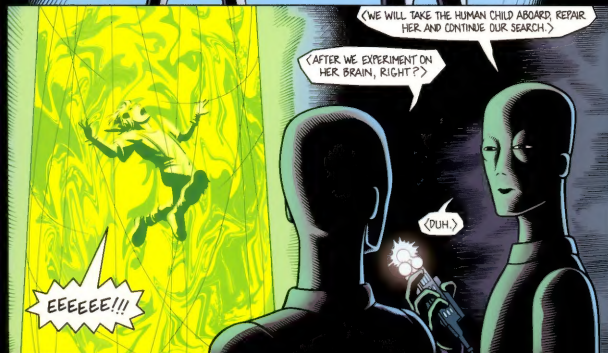
* TRANSLATED
FROM ALIEN-ESE.



<ARE YOU SURE YOU TOLD ME?
OR MAYBE YOUR TELEPATHY
WAS MALFUNCTIONING
TOO?>

<DON'T BE A
REPRODUCTIVE ORGAN!
IF THE CAPTAIN LEARNS WE
CAUSED THIS MESS, HE WILL
ELIMINATE BIOLOGICAL
WASTE IN THE FORM OF
BUILDING MATERIALS!>

HELLO?



<WE WILL TAKE THE HUMAN CHILD ABOARD, REPAIR
HER AND CONTINUE OUR SEARCH.>

<AFTER WE EXPERIMENT ON
HER BRAIN, RIGHT?>

<DUH.>

EEEEEE!!!

CHARLOTTE?

PORTLAND, OREGON-2008.

CHARLOTTE,
WAKE UP--WE'RE AT
THE HOSPITAL.

AND STOP
DROOLING.

SHE'S NOT
DROOLING.

YAWN!

I WAS
TALKING TO YOU,
PERVERT.

WE'RE HERE ALREADY? GOOD. RICHARD, AN
ANALYSIS OF GEOFFREY STERLING'S BLOOD SHOULD
GIVE US A CLUE AS TO HOW HE COULD PHYSICALLY
TRANSFORM INTO A BEAVER.

AND MAY-
BE WHY HE WOULD
WANT TO.

SINCE NO ONE CAN KNOW THAT THIS BLOOD IS THE PRESIDENT'S
SON'S, WE HAVE TO OPERATE CLANDESTINELY.

YOU HAD THAT
IN YOUR PURSE? GROSS!

WHAT'S
THE PLAN?

RICHARD,
CHRISTOPHER
AND CINDY WILL
GO IN DISGUISED
AS DOCTORS
AND
SNEAK INTO THE LAB.

THAT'S
GOING TO
TAKE GOOD
ACTING. CAN
THEY PULL
IT OFF?

OKAY, WHICH FLOOR WILL
THE LAB BE ON?

WELL, YOU
EXTRACTED STERLING'S
BLOOD SO EASILY WITH THE
SYRINGE YOU WERE CARRYING, I
ASSUMED YOU HAD MEDICAL
EXPERIENCE.

WHY ASK ME?
HOW WOULD I
KNOW?

FOR REAL?

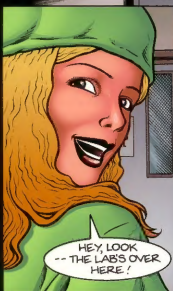
JOKING.

EMPLOYEES
ONLY
NO INTER

I'LL HAVE
YOU KNOW I'VE
BEEN ACTRESSING
FOR YEARS.

NO, I'M
A HEROIN
ADDICT.

WHERE
DO YOU
THINK THEY
KEEP THEIR
OPIATES?



HEY, LOOK
-- THE LAB'S OVER
HERE!

THIS
MAY TAKE A LITTLE
WHILE.

I HOPE
NOT TOO LONG.
SOMEONE SAW
US COME IN
HERE.



HEY!
CAN I HELP
YOU?

YES. THESE GREEN SCRUBS ARE AWFUL.
COULD I HAVE SOME PINK
ONES?

WHY
DO YOU WANT
NURSE SCRUBS,
DOCTOR?

I DON'T
WANT NURSE
SCRUBS. I
WANT DOCTOR
SCRUBS IN PINK.



BUT NURSE
SCRUBS ARE
PINK.

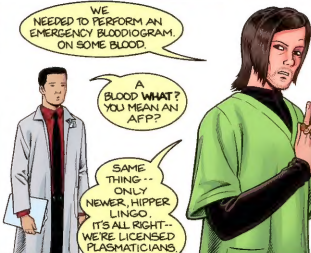
BUT I DON'T WANT NURSE
SCRUBS -- I JUST SAID THAT.
YOU KNOW WHAT -- FORGET
IT! WE'RE GONNA BE DONE
HERE IN A MINUTE
ANYWAY.

DONE?
WITH WHAT?

WE
NEEDED TO PERFORM AN
EMERGENCY BLOODIAGRAM.
ON SOME BLOOD.

A
BLOOD WHAT?
YOU MEAN AN
AFP?

SAME
THING --
ONLY
NEWER, HIPPER
LINGO.
IT'S ALL RIGHT--
WE'RE LICENSED
PLASMATICIANS.



ARE YOU
SCHEDULED FOR
LAB TIME?

DO
WE LOOK LIKE
WE'RE SCHEDULED
FOR LAB
TIME?



I DON'T SEE AN APPOINTMENT TODAY.
DID YOU CLEAR THIS WITH DOCTOR
VAHRADIAN?

DO
WE LOOK LIKE WE
CLEARED IT WITH DOCTOR
VAHRADIAN?

VRRRT-
VRRRT-
VRRRT

DOES THAT
REALLY
WORK?

DOES IT
LOOK
LIKE
IT REALLY
WORKS?

NOT SO FAST. YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY-
WHERE UNTIL SECURITY GETS HERE.
WHO ARE YOU IDIOTS?

HEY, SEXY. MAYBE YOU COULD...
HELP ME CHANGE INTO SOME
PINK SCRUBS?

I DON'T
THINK SO, SWEETIE.
I'M GAY.

OH.

I GOT
THE RESULTS!
LET'S GO!

AND
EVEN IF I
WEREN'T--
YOU'D BE
A LITTLE
TOO FAT
FOR ME.

OOOOF!!

I'M
NOT FAT! IT'S THESE
FRIGGIN' GREEN SCRUBS!!
I TOLD YOU!

HURRY! ANOTHER
INCIDENT WAS JUST
REPORTED IN
IDAHO!

TAKE OVER
FOR ME. THE PATIENT IS
EXPERIENCING SOME DISCOMFORT
IN THE NUT-ULAR REGION.

I'LL
BE ON MY LUNCH
BREAK.

COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO.

THIS IS EPIC!
STERLING'S DNA IS A COMBINATION
OF HUMAN AND BEAVER! AND THERE'S
ALSO A MASSIVE AMOUNT OF RADIATION.
THAT HAS TO BE WHAT'S REWRITTEN
HIS GENETIC MAKE-UP.

OH MY
GOD! SPEAKING OF MAKE-
UP, I'M RUNNING OUT OF
LIPSTICK!

WHAT KIND OF RADIATION?

I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING LIKE
IT.

IF WE ONLY HAD A SAMPLE OF BETH
TAYLOR, THE WINGED WOMAN'S
BLOOD, WE COULD COMPARE
THEM.

SO, LET'S
GET IT.

THAT'S GOING TO BE HARDER THAN AL GORE
RECYCLING PORN. SHE'S GONE.

LET ME GUESS, AND
YOU SUSPECT SOME KIND
OF SUPERNATURAL
CRAP.

NO.
VACATION. SHERIFF
BURKE SAID SHE LEFT TOWN.

WE HAVE TO FIND HER! I
NEED TO MEET WITH THIS
WOMAN!!

ARE YOU
KIDDING? HER HIPS
ARE TOO WIDE! HER EYES
LOOK LIKE THEY'RE TRYING
TO GET AWAY FROM
EACH OTHER--
AND HER BOOBS ARE
UNEVEN.

CUTE BRA,
THOUGH.

REALLY?
YOU THINK
THAT IN PERSON
YOU COULD SENSE
WHAT CAUSED HER
TRANSFORMATION?

MAYBE.
MAYBE NOT
-- I DON'T
KNOW, BUT SHE'S
GORGEOUS!
JUST LOOK
AT THAT BODY!

OH YEAH!
TOTALLY!



ACROSS
THIS QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD
COME REPORTS THAT A CREATURE
-- A LIZARD MAN, HAS
BEEN --
WAIT!

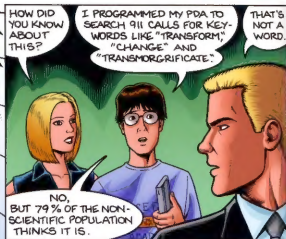


OMIGOD...
THERE IT IS! IT'S A
... A GIANT LIZARD!
AND IT'S WEARING
PANTS!



KHAKIS! THEY'RE CASUAL WITH A PLEATED
FRONT AND BUTTON BACK POCKETS,
PERFECT FOR WORK. OR THE
WEEKEND.

WHY DID OUR
FASHION REPORTER HAVE TO BE
THE FIRST PERSON ON THE SCENE?



HOW DID
YOU KNOW
ABOUT
THIS?

I PROGRAMMED MY PDA TO
SEARCH 911 CALLS FOR KEY-
WORDS LIKE "TRANSFORM"
"CHANGE" AND
"TRANSMORGIFICATE."

THAT'S
NOT A
WORD.

NO,
BUT 79 % OF THE NON-
SCIENTIFIC POPULATION
THINKS IT IS.

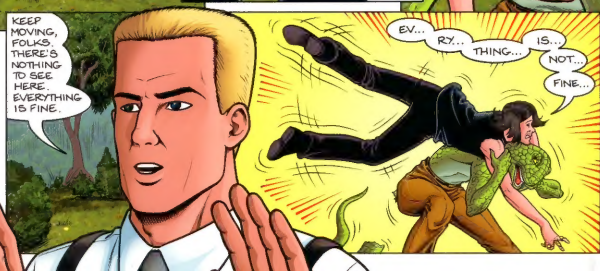


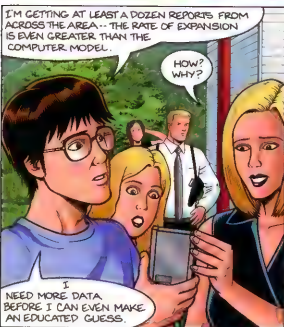
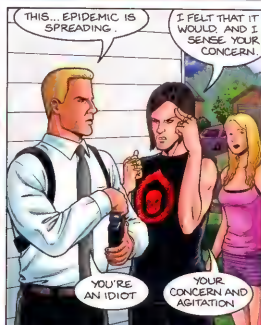
THAT'S IT. YOU'RE SHUT DOWN. NATIONAL
SECURITY. AND I WANT THAT
TAPE.

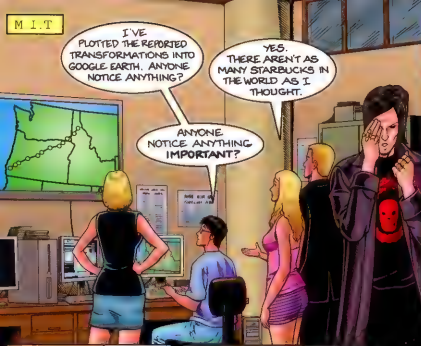
WE DON'T
HAVE THAT KIND OF
AUTHORITY.



CORRECTION,
YOU DON'T. I HAVE ALL
THE AUTHORITY I
NEED.



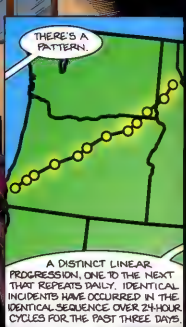




I'VE PLOTTED THE REPORTED TRANSFORMATIONS INTO GOOGLE EARTH. ANYONE NOTICE ANYTHING?

YES. THERE AREN'T AS MANY STARBUCKS IN THE WORLD AS I THOUGHT.

ANYONE NOTICE ANYTHING IMPORTANT?



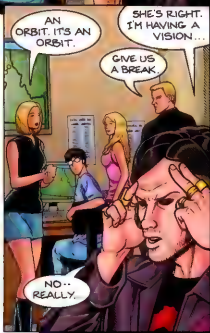
THERE'S A PATTERN.

A DISTINCT LINEAR PROGRESSION, ONE TO THE NEXT THAT REPEATS DAILY. IDENTICAL INCIDENTS HAVE OCCURRED IN THE IDENTICAL SEQUENCE OVER 24-HOUR CYCLES FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS.



THAT'S RANDOM.

NO, IT'S NOT JUST THE OPPOSITE-- IT'S DELIBERATE. THIS IS SOME SORT OF PATH.



AN ORBIT. IT'S AN ORBIT.

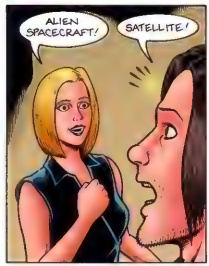
SHE'S RIGHT. I'M HAVING A VISION...

GIVE US A BREAK.

NO-- REALLY.



I'M SEEING OUTER SPACE --AND THERE'S SOMETHING HERE ORBITING EARTH... SOME SORT OF...



ALIEN SPACECRAFT!

SATELLITE!

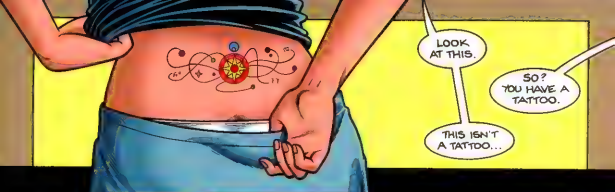


YA KNOW, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GO WITH THE CRAZY GUY ON THIS ONE.

AND NOT BECAUSE I BELIEVE HE JUST HAD SOME PSYCHIC VISION, BUT BECAUSE HIS IDEA IS ACTUALLY PLAUSIBLE.



ALIEN SPACECRAFTS EXIST AND I CAN PROVE IT!



LOOK AT THIS.

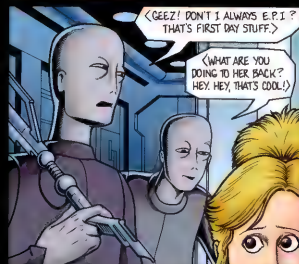
SO? YOU HAVE A TATTOO.

THIS ISN'T A TATTOO...

AT LEAST, NOT ONE IN THE CONVENTIONAL, HUMAN SENSE...

OUTER SPACE ABOVE VIRGINIA-1984.

< DID YOU EXAMINE, PROBE, INJECT? >

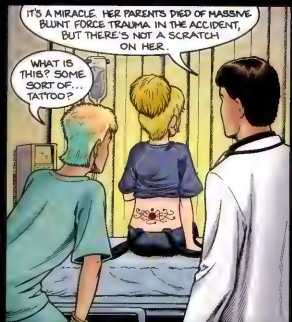


< GEEZ! DON'T I ALWAYS E.P.I.? THAT'S FIRST DAY STUFF. >

< WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HER BACK? HEY, HEY, THAT'S COOL! >

< YEAH, NO ONE ON EARTH HAS EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS. IT'LL BLOW THEIR PRIMITIVE MINDS. DO YOU SEE WHAT IT IS? >

< WHAT... NO WAY, MAN! THAT IS THE COOLEST THING EVER! HIGH FOUR! >



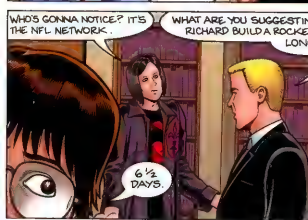
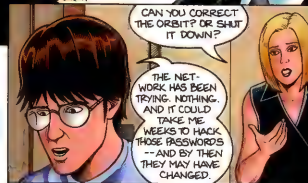
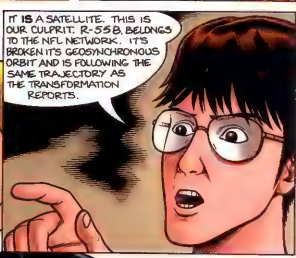
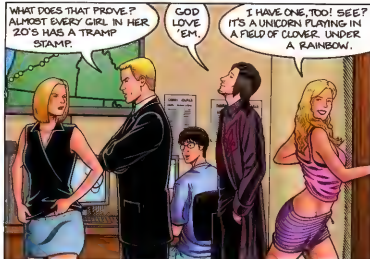
IT'S A MIRACLE. HER PARENTS DIED OF MASSIVE BLUNT FORCE TRAUMA IN THE ACCIDENT, BUT THERE'S NOT A SCRATCH ON HER.

WHAT IS THIS? SOME SORT OF... TATTOO?



I THOUGHT SO AT FIRST, BUT IT'S SO STRANGE. ONLY SAILORS AND CARNIES HAVE TATTOOS, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE ON SOMEONE'S LOWER BACK LIKE THIS. IT'S BLOWING MY MIND.

I THINK IT'S TOTALLY RAD! I'M GOING TO GET ONE THIS WEEK. END!





OH NO!
THIS IS OVER THE LINE.
I WILL NOT BREAK INTO A
GOVERNMENT FACILITY
BASED ON THE
FABRICATED
DELUSIONS OF THIS
CON ARTIST!

CHRISTOPHER
IS A LEGITIMATE
MENTALIST AND I'D PUT ANY ONE
OF HIS SPECIAL SENSES UP
AGAINST YOUR JUDGEMENT
ANY DAY.



YEAH? WHICH SENSE
TOLD YOU TO BRING
US ONE HUNDRED
MILES TO THIS
CAMP?

HEARING,
ACTUALLY. AN ARMY
MAJOR FAN OF MINE
TOLD ME HE WORKED
HERE AND THAT WE
SHOULD COME TO HIM
FOR HELP.



WELL, ONLY
AUTHORIZED
MILITARY PERSONNEL
AND THEIR DEPENDANTS
ARE ALLOWED ON
BASE

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MY FATHER
WAS A TEN STAR GENERAL

FIVE
STARS IS THE HIGHEST
RANK A GENERAL CAN REACH.

IT WAS
AN HONORARY
APPOINTMENT.



I SUGGEST WE
RETURN TO
WASHINGTON.
WE'RE NOT GOING
TO GET IN.

HOLY SMOKES! CHRISTOPHER APOLLO?
JOHNSON! LOOK, IT'S CHRISTOPHER
APOLLO! RIGHT HERE IN FRONT
OF US!

OH
SWEET
CRAP



MR. APOLLO, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU
CAN ESCAPE FROM ANY PAIR
OF HANDCUFFS IN LESS
THAN A MINUTE?

UNLESS
I DON'T WANT TO.
IT DEPENDS ON WHO'S DOING
THE CUFFING, BEAUTIFUL.

TEE-HEE!



I'M HERE TO
VISIT A VERY
DEAR FRIEND
OF MINE...

I ALREADY HAVE YOU
ON THE VISITOR'S LIST
FOR BASE PASSES FOR YOU
AND FOUR GUESTS!

SON OF
A PIG!

BEHIND THESE DOORS IS THE TOP SECRET YASMOLAM WHICH WILL MEET YOUR STRATEGIC GOAL. IF I DON'T SEE YOU AGAIN, REMEMBER I HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE AS A PATRIOT IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF OUR COUNTRY. BUT I HAVE TO LEAVE THIS TACTICAL ENGAGEMENT FOR YOU AND YOUR TEAM. AND YOU'D BETTER HURRY. YOUR FRIEND IS TURNING INTO A BUSH.



CHARLOTTE, YOU'D BETTER JOIN US RIGHT NOW!!



FRANK! FRANK! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

DON'T WORRY; WE'LL GET TO THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM!

WE'RE GOING TO HELP YOU! SHAKE YOUR BRANCH IF YOU CAN HEAR ME!

BUXUS SEMPERVIRENS. COMMON BOXWOOD. HE WALKED PAST A HEDGE OF THEM AND MUST HAVE SCRATCHED HIMSELF AND MIXED THEIR DNA WITH HIS. THE NFL SATELLITE MUST BE DIRECTLY OVER US.

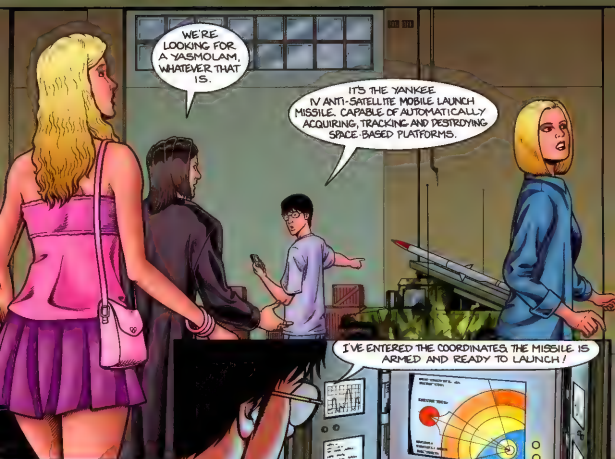


WHICH MEANS NOW IS THE TIME TO SHOOT IT DOWN.



THIS WAY!

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY



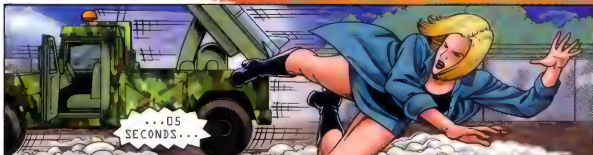
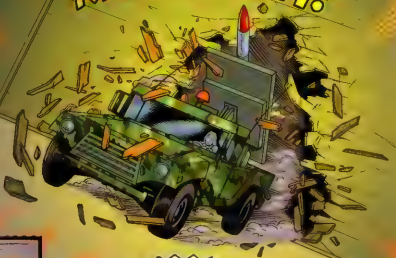


...15
SECONDS...

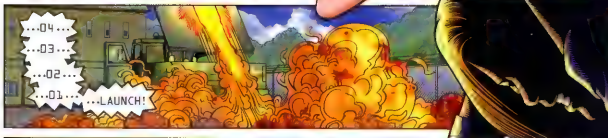


...10
SECONDS...

KR-CRASH!



...05
SECONDS...

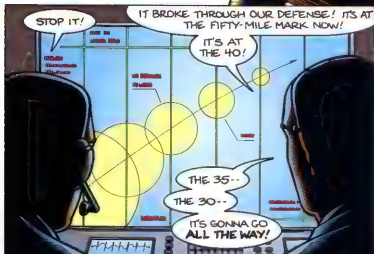


...04...
...03...
...02...
...01... LAUNCH!

NFL Network, Culver City,
California.



THERE'S
A MISSILE
HEADING
RIGHT AT OUR
SATELLITE!



STOP IT!

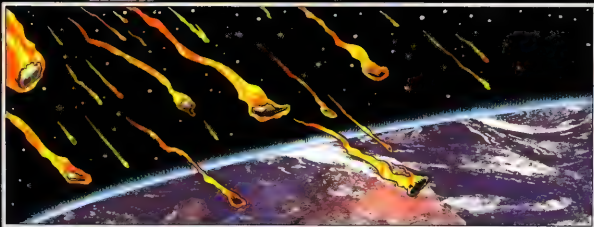
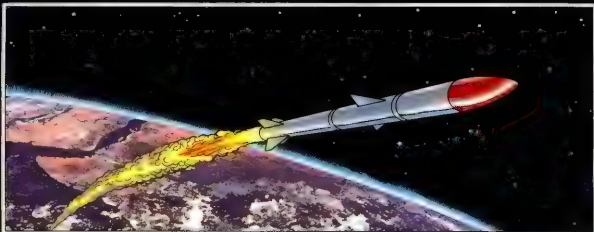
IT BROKE THROUGH OUR DEFENSE! IT'S AT
THE FIFTY-MILE MARK NOW!

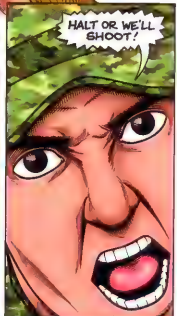
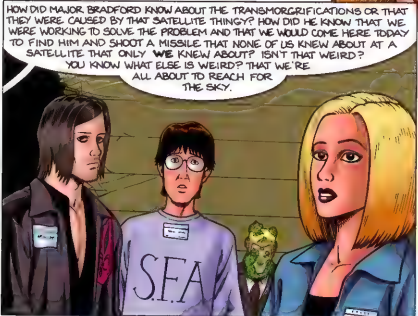
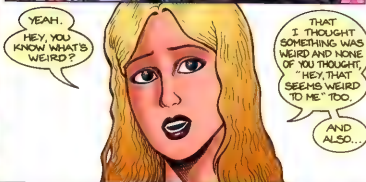
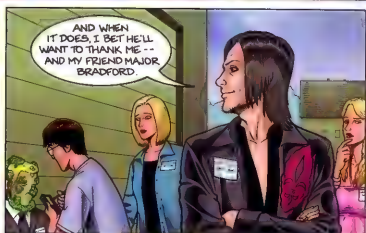
IT'S AT
THE 40!

THE 35--

THE 30--

IT'S GONNA GO
ALL THE WAY!

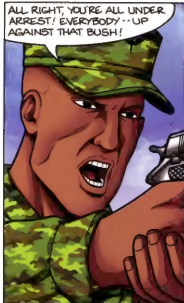






MAJOR SEAN BRADFORD MEMORIAL HANGAR





ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST! EVERYBODY -- UP AGAINST THAT BUSH!



YOU GUYS ARE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE! WE'RE GOVERNMENT AGENTS AND WE JUST SAVED THE PLANET!

SERIOUSLY -- THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

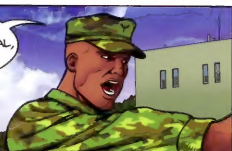
YEAH! AND I THINK I'M SQUISHING FRANK'S BERRIES.

BOXWOODS DON'T GROW... OH.



WE'LL LET THE AUTHORITIES SORT THIS OUT. CORPORAL, READ THEM THEIR RIGHTS.

MEOW?



AWWWW, HE'S A KITTY!

AHHH... AH... I'M ALLERGIC TO CATS! KER CHOO!!

SO MAYBE WE DIDN'T FIX THE PROBLEM?

CRAB FRANK.



WE SHOT DOWN THE SATELLITE. HOW CAN IT STILL BE TRANSMITTING?



IT'S NOT...



Next: **KILLER SATELLITES!**

(1/3rd LESS CALORIES THAN REGULAR KILLER SATELS)

**THE X-FILES MEETS GHOSTBUSTERS IN THIS
HILARIOUS SCI-FI COMEDY!**

FROM INVISIBLE HAND STUDIOS

(Creators of Urban Monsters and Serpa)

AND EXECUTIVE PRODUCER VIN DI BONA!



THE ODD SQUAD™

Written by **NICK CAPETANAKIS & TODD LIVINGSTON**

Illustrated by **BRENDON & BRIAN FRAM**

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